

C A T O ' S V I S I O N .

ONE Evening having read over the Report of the Secret Committee very attentively, I went to Bed full of the Impressions it made upon me, and falling asleep, the following Vision presented it self to my Imagination.

I was sitting, methought, in a profound Strain of Speculation, when on a sudden I was alarmed with the Firing of Guns, Ringing of Bells, and the tumultuous Vociferations of an approaching Multitude; upon which I started from my Chair, and running to the Window, heard them cry out, *Down with the Rumps, down with the Roundheads; High Church and O——d for ever; long live K. J——s, down with the Rumps, buzza! buzza! buzza!*

By this Time the Motly Cavalcade appeared, which seemed composed of the Out-casts of all Nations; for by the confused Jargon they made, and the various Habits they appeared in, I could discover *Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, in abundance, Laplanders, Irish, Scotch, and some tag-rag Englishmen*. This promiscuous Multitude was preceded by two ill-looking Fellows on Horseback, in a very uncouth Dress; one of whom carried a Standard in his Hand, on which, as it waved to and fro, I could descry a bloody Cross; and the other a large gilded Crucifix: These were followed by two more solemn Figures on Horseback, which were Cardinal *Francisco* in his new Robes, and the *Grey General* in a compleat Suit of Armour, with the Vizor turn'd up; which was done that all his Vassals might have the pleasure of beholding his amiable Countenance, and to draw others after him. Then I expected to see his Majesty himself, whose Face I could remember very well, having often seen him at *Rome*; but to my great Surprise, there followed nothing but Butchers, Tinkers, *Kennel-Rabers, Oyster Women, and a world of Parish R——s*, and half starved *G——s*, who seem'd loudest in their Cries, and most zealous in knocking down, stabbing and shooting all opposing *Hereticks*.

As soon as this terrible Procession had passed by my Door, I whip'd on my Coat, my Hat and Wig, and followed them to observe their Motions, keeping all the way at a due Distance behind them. The first thing I observed remarkable was, that when they came to *Somerset-House*, they seiz'd the Guard, put them to the Sword, (as they served all Opposers they met in their Way) and left a Garrison of their own in it, in the same manner they had done at the *Tower*, and the *Bank*. At *Charing-Cross* they halted for some time, and saluted the Statue of King *Charles* on Horseback in a most reverent manner, in order to allure the Mob; tho' I observed an antient Monk privately strike his Dagger with malignity against the Pedestal: From thence they proceeded to *St. James's* with the utmost Expedition and Disorder.

When I came there, I was struck with the greatest Horror and Astonishment, upon hearing that his Majesty King *George*, the Prince, and the Royal Family, together with the Lords *Oddogan, Townshend, Carteret, and Mr. Walpole*, were secured; that the Officers of the Guard, and most of the Centinels, were privately murdered about an Hour before; and methought now they met with no Resistance, except from a few of the surviving Soldiers, who fought gallantly and dy'd in Defence of their Royal Master.

Soon after, his Majesty of *Albano* came privately in an Hackney Coach, and in Women's Cloaths, attended only by his great Favourites and Confessors Cardinal *Gualtieri* and Cardinal *Alberoni*, to avoid all possible Danger from a Miscarriage.

Immediately the Palace, and all the Avenues, were thronged with incredible Numbers of all sorts of People; some of whom flock'd thither to satisfy their Curiosity in seeing the Person, of whom they had heard so many fine Stories for these Thirty Years past; some to congratulate him upon his happy Restoration; and others to make known their indefatigable Services, and beg Preferment; particularly, great Numbers of *West-Country Fox-hunters and Oxford Scholars*. Amongst the rest, methought, with much ado I got into the Royal Presence, and heard his pretended Majesty deliver himself in the following Manner:

Gentlemen,

By the infinite Mercy of God, and the Assistance of Perjury, Treason and Assassination, I am at last happily seated on my rightful (though not lawful) Throne, in order to extirpate for ever the Protestant Northern Heresy, and establish upon an immovable Foundation the true Catholick Church; which, by the Help of Passive Obedience and Arbitrary Power, I am, as in Conscience bound, resolved to accomplish. I cannot doubt that my faithful Friends of the High Church of England will join their Endeavours to forward this pious End; and I promise, on my part, to share my Royal Favours amongst those only, who will heartily concur with me in this Cause, and say Amen.

This, methought, occasioned a strange Variety of Countenances; some frown'd, others smiled, some stared upon one another, and seemed wonderfully surpriz'd; but I observed the Gentlemen in Black look'd generally well contented, and with a loud Voice cry'd Amen—Then his Majesty proceeded thus:

My good Subjects,

I shall make it my Business throughout the Course of my Reign to encourage all those, who, by their Behaviour, shall for the future approve themselves zealous to me and the Catholick Interest; but as it has pleased God, for the Sin of this Nation, to detain me for many Years out of the Possession of my Dominions in a State of Exile and Pilgrimage, I hope those of my Friends, who have submitted to the Enemy, and only perjured themselves in my Behalf, will not complain, if I think my self obliged to bestow my first Favours upon those who have renounced every thing to follow my Fortunes Abroad; and upon some worthy Foreigners, who, out of their peculiar Charity and Benevolence, supported me under my Calamities, and treated me with so much Civility and Respect. I hope therefore the following Nominations will not be offensive to any of my loving and loyal Subjects.

Then turning to Cardinal *Gualtieri*, who stood at his Right Hand; My good Lord Cardinal, said he, as your Eminency, next to his Holiness, has been my chief Counsellor and sincerest Friend, I ought to make you the first Example of my Gratitude; accept therefore, my Lord, as a poor Return for all your past Services, though the best in my Power to bestow, the Metropolitan Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*.

Next to you, Cardinal *Alberoni*, who have had no small Hand in my Restoration, I commend the Archiepiscopal See of *York*; to you, Cardinal *Francisco*, for your brave Contempt of all Obligations to my Enemies, I give the Bishoprick of *Winchester*; and to you, my Lord Bishop of —— the See and Palatinate of *Durham*.

The rest of the Bishopricks, Deaneries, and other spiritual Preferments, were dispos'd of amongst *Irish Priests, French Jesuits, Italian Monks, English Nonjurors*; only I remember that, at the particular Intercession of Cardinal *Francisco*, Doctor *Bungey*, upon his declaring himself a Catholick, and turning away his Wife, was continued in *Holburn*; and the Reverend Mr. T——p was made Ordinary of *Newgate*, in the Room of the ingenious Mr. *Purney*.

Upon this Regulation of Ecclesiastical Promotions, the High-Church Clergy hung down their Ears, and looked very blank, expecting every Man of them to have been a Bishop, or a Dean at least. But being thus miserably baulked, they sneaked out of Court, seeming ashamed of what they had done; and I could hear them mutter amongst themselves, as they went down Stairs, that such Measures would never do in England, and that the Church was now certainly in Danger.

Then his Majesty proceeded to appoint his Civil and Military Officers, who were so numerous, that I can remember only the principal ones; namely,

Lord High Chancellor, *Christopher Layer, Esq;*

Lord Steward of the Household, the Rt. Hon. the Lord *Teague*.

Lord Chamberlain of the Household, *Seignior Senifini*.

Lord President of the Council, the Duke of *Mar*.

Comptroller of the Household, *John Plunket, Esq;*

Principal

Principal Secretaries of State, *John Fr----*, Esq; *George Kelly* alias *Johnson*, Esq; and my old Friend Seignior *MARFORIO*, Esq;

Captain General of all his Majesty's Land Forces, and Master of his Majesty's Ordnance, General *Dillon*.

Colonel of his Majesty's first Regiment of Foot-Guards, Serjeant *Slack*.

Lieutenant-General *Mackintosh*, of the Second, and Major-General *Forrester*, of the Third.

Lord High Treasurer, his Grace the Duke of *Ormonde*.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral *CAMMOCK*.

Attorney General, *John Hengerty*, Esq;

Solicitor-General, *John Kettleface*, Esq;

Maids of Honour to her Majesty, Mademoiselle *D'Epingle*, Seigniora *Durifante*, Seigniora *Cutsona*, the virtuous Mrs. *M--ley*, and the celebrated Mrs. *Sally Sallisbury*.

The last of whom was added upon the humble Representation made by a certain noble *L----*, of her late Sufferings under the *Whiggish* Government.

I now observed his Majesty looking very steadfastly at myself; but being doubtful whether he designed to present me with a *Blue Ribbon*, or an *Halter*, I stole off and hasten'd towards the City, to see and hear how that end of the Town stood affected to this New Administration.

Having made my Observations at Court upon the Restoration of *Poper*, and a *Popish* Bigot to these Kingdoms, I steer'd back again towards the Eastern Part of the Town; and as I passed along, found the Streets in several Places blocked up with dead Bodies, most of the Shops shut up, Multitudes of Women running about in a distracted manner, bewailing the loss of their Husbands and their Children. The Houses of all the most noted Protestants were either pull'd down, or burnt; and in the Faces of most People I could observe the Marks of unspeakable Horror and Consternation.

Upon *Ludgate-Hill* I met the Host, carried in Procession with great Pomp, and attended with a whole Army of Priests of all Orders in their respective Habits: I knew too well the Consequence of refusing humble Adoration to this *Breaden* Deity; and therefore, as I passed by, very Orthodoxly and Idolatrously fell down upon my Knees, and worshipped it; but I observed an obstinate *Quaker*, for his Non-conformity herein, was seized by the Superstitious Rabble, and thrown into *Fleet-Ditch*.

When I came to *St. Paul's Church*, I saw great Numbers of People flocking in, which gave me the Curiosity to look in myself; and there I found the great Candles upon the Altar lighted, a vast Congregation telling over their Beads, and Dr. *W--lton* officiating at *High-Mass*.

From thence I went to *Child's Coffee-house*, where I perceiv'd a great Company of *English* Divines shaking their Heads, and bemoaning their ravish'd Benefices; upon which I placed myself in a private Corner of the Room, that I might hear their Discourse unobserved. Alas! said Doctor *D--wson*, fetching a deep Groan, Who would have thought we should have been used thus? Oh! this will be Nuts to the Whigs, I warrant you; they'll laugh in their Sleeves to see us rewarded in this manner. Oh! I can't bear the Thought of it; Oh! I believe it will kill me downright. Oh! Oh! Oh—Ay, reply'd Dr. *B--net*, These are fine Doings indeed; how can the Chevalier hope to prosper under the Guilt of so much Sacrilege?—True, said Dr. *Sh--ck*; and besides, what Encouragement is this to any good and well-meaning Man to be converted? Why, 'tis taking away the very means of Grace—Well, after all, said Dr. *Sn--pe*, I believe the old King was a very honest Man; and I wish with all my Heart that we could have him again, but that is too late; however, come let us drink to his glorious Memory, and Prosperity to the remaining Branches of his Royal House; which methought went round as currently and cordially, as the Pretender's Health ever had done at *OXFORD*.

Upon this I mov'd off, and went to the *Royal Exchange*, the Center of Business, and the famous Emporium of the Universe; but to my great Amazement, found its spacious Area deserted, its Walks empty, and the usual Hurry and Buz of Trade lost in a melancholly Silence and a Cessation of all Faith and Credit. Even *Stock* jobbing ceased, and the Bulls and Bears of the

Alley were fled; while *Bank Notes*, *Bonds*, *Warrants*, and all sorts of *Publick Securities* being grown useless, were trampled under Foot, and reduced to the mean Uses that antient Divinity, or modern Poetry are usually put to. There was not a Banker's Shop left open in *Lombardstreet*; and the best Men in the City could scarcely be trusted for the meanest Necessary of Life.

Whilst I was beholding this mournful Scene, methought, I heard the Shouts and confused Clamours of a gathering Mob; and enquiring what was the Matter, methought I presently saw several Carts coming along, all loaded with *Bibles*, which had been seized at the *Printers* and *Booksellers* about Town, and brought thither to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman; accordingly they were all piled up together, before the North Entrance of the *Exchange*, in Form of a Pyramid; and then a certain Officer, with a *Gold Chain* about his Neck, addressed himself to the surrounding Populace in the following Words:

His Majesty, the King of *Great Britain*, having a great Regard for the Honour of God, and the Souls of all his loving Subjects, which have been corrupted and endangered for these many Years, by the free and heretical Use of the *Holy Scriptures*, thinks he cannot begin his Reign more religiously, than by suppressing the said dangerous and heretical Book; and therefore he has commanded me to seize all the Copies of it that I could find, (which I have strictly performed,) and to see them publicly burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman. Moreover 'tis his Majesty's Royal Pleasure, that all Persons who are possessed of any of the said Books, shall immediately bring them to this Place, and commit them to the Flames, upon Pain of his Majesty's highest Displeasure, and the Punishment due to *Herefy*, both in this World and the next,

God save the King.

Then *Squire Ketch* clapt a Torch to the bottom of the Pile, which immediatly took Fire, and blazed towards Heaven in a terrible Manner. In the mean time, great Part of the Crowd ran home, and returning with their *Bibles* in their Hands, threw them into the Flames; which some of them seemed to do with an Aire, that confessed they had much rather those Sacred Pages should suffer Martyrdom than themselves: But the graver sort of People complied with this cruel Injunction with the most apparent Signs of Sorrow and Reluctance. I was wonderfully moved with the Sight of a comely well-looking old Man, who came up to the Pile with a large *Quarto Bible* under his Arm, and with a composed Countenance spoke to it thus; O! Thou sacred Book! Must thou leave me at last? Thou, that hast been the Guide of my Youth, and art thou the only Comfort of my old Age! No! we can never part; but if thou must perish, we will perish together.—Then clasping it close to his Heart, he threw himself into the midst of the Flames, and expired like an old Martyr, with the utmost Calmness and Serenity.

As soon as this wicked Execution was over, I hastened to my Lodgings full of the most gloomy Thoughts, and melancholly Reflections upon the Fate of a brave Nation, which I lately found in so flourishing a Condition, but now reduced, by this unhappy Change, from Peace, Plenty, and Freedom, to the lowest State of Misery and Bondage.

As soon as I got home, methought, I was met by my Landlady, with her Eyes full of Tears; who, upon my enquiring the Reason, told me, that my dear Friend Mr. *Wilkins* was just taken up by Order of the new Inquisitor General, Cardinal *Francisco*, for printing and publishing my *Lucubrations*; and had sent me word to keep out of the way, desiring to take the whole Weight of his bloody Resentment upon himself.

I was so much moved with this Misfortune of my worthy Friend, and so touched with his Generosity towards me, with whom he had so short an Acquaintance, that methought I was under the greatest Perplexity how to behave in so critical a Circumstance; which so shocked my Quiet, that I awoke; and to my great Joy, found the whole terrible Representation to be nothing but a DREAM.

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